

Emotional Support God

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Emotional Support God

by [SuddenlySullen](#)

Summary

While all of the Avengers are staying at the compound, Peter wakes up one night to a stray cat outside his window. He decides to bring it in out of the cold.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

The familiar yowling of an alley cat outside his bedroom window woke Peter from a deep sleep. Rubbing his eyes, he tried to focus on his alarm clock. The numbers looked different, yet familiar. With a few slow blinks, Peter realized that he wasn't in his bedroom at home. He was at the new Avengers compound outside the city. This realization made him more concerned for the cat outside. While stray cats were common in the city and could take care of themselves well enough, he assumed there were more things out here that might eat a house cat.

Loki scowled where he stood, disguised as a cat. The silver and black fur on his chest formed his name in Asgardian. He hoped that Thor hadn't managed to completely forget how to read during his time on Midgard. Thor had promised to return to New Asgard to oversee some of the construction, but had yet to make an appearance. As much as Loki wanted to stay as far away from the Avengers as possible, he wanted to screw this up less. Their people were scared and growing restless. While they seemed to have some trust in him, he knew better than to think he could ever be as dear to their hearts as Thor. So, here he found himself, yowling at the window he was only about sixty percent sure was Thor's.

Peter stood up from his bed with a deep yawn, not bothering to put on a shirt or socks before padding over to the window and climbing down the wall. His feet hit the wet grass silently. Loki felt his heart stop when a young boy landed a few feet away from him. This was definitely not the right window. He prepared to turn back into himself, but paused when the boy spoke. His voice was soft and not cruel. For a moment, Loki was sure he had somehow come to the wrong place. The giant 'A' on the side of the building, however, dispelled that illusion. He wondered, then, why there would be a child here. As little as he thought of the Avengers, he would have thought that even they would be opposed to the use of child soldiers.

"Hey, kitty," Peter whispered. "Come on, it's too cold out here for a pretty thing like you."

A soft purr built up in Loki's chest at being called pretty. He tried to roll his eyes at his own absurdity, but wasn't sure that his current feline anatomy would allow it. Instead, he padded over to the boy, letting out an embarrassing mewl at his feet. He justified it to himself by thinking that this would be an easier way to get inside the building. Peter shushed him quietly, scratching behind his ears. Loki couldn't remember the last time another person had willingly touched him. It made him shudder and press closer, searching for more. If anyone asked, he knew he would blame it on keeping character, but he also knew it would be a lie. He could have run off into the woods and disappeared. He could have turned back into himself and stabbed the boy. Instead, he stood up on his hind legs, pawing at the sweatpants Peter was wearing. Peter scooped the cat up into his arms, hugging its shivering body close. His fur felt like velvet under Peter's fingers. He wondered if Aunt May would let him keep a cat; Or if he could hide a cat in his room without her knowing. Loki nuzzled his face into the side of Peter's neck, purring so hard that it vibrated all of his small body.

"Hey pretty kitty," Peter crooned. "It's okay, I'm gonna take care of you."

Peter scaled the wall back to his room with one hand, holding the cat against his chest. Loki's paws curled, gripping Peter's chest without extending his claws for fear of hurting him. The silver of his fur practically shone in the moonlight that was peeking through the window. Sitting down on his bed, Peter relaxed his arms to let the cat go. To Peter's surprise, though, he stayed cuddled up against him.

"What a good kitty," Peter hummed. "Someone must be missing you, huh?"

Loki stilled, letting the boy's words sink in. He knew there was no one missing him. He had left New Asgard a week ago and surely no one had even noticed, except maybe to thank Odin's ghost that he was no longer lurking in the shadows. A hand trailed down Loki's back, making his small body tremble. Peter, thinking that the cat was shivering from his time out in the cold, held him close. He fell back to lay on his bed, pulling the blankets up over himself and Loki. Deep purring vibrated Peter's chest, drowning out a lot of the usual noise that overstimulated him and prevented him from really sleeping. Loki, for his part, stayed curled up in a ball on Peter's chest, his head tucked under Peter's chin, until they had both drifted to sleep.

Loki woke before the boy that had carried him into the building did. Standing up on his chest, Loki took the opportunity to study his face as he slept. Light freckles dotted his cheeks and the ridge of his nose. If he were Asgardian, Loki would guess that he couldn't be older than a hundred. He still hadn't grasped the human lifespan, but could reason that he would be considered young, even by their standards, compared to how he remembered Stark and the others looking. Idly, his paws kneaded into the boy's chest without claws. Peter's eyes opened when he felt someone touching him, tensing for a brief moment before he realized it was only the cat he had brought in the night before. He smiled, bringing a hand up to stroke down the soft fur.

"Hey, sweet boy," Peter yawned. "You must be starving, huh? Let's go see if we can find you something to eat."

Loki meowed a response, hopping off of Peter's lap as he sat up. Peter gave his ears a quick scratch before standing up and walking out of his bedroom. Unsure what he was supposed to do, Loki trotted along at Peter's heels. His eyes scanned the doorways they passed, trying to find his brother, though most of them seemed to be closed.

"Morning sleeping beauty," Stark's voice called when they entered the kitchen. Loki felt his body tense at the mere sound of it.

Peter yawned. "It's not even that late, Mr. Stark. It's like, eight. Everyone else is still sleeping."

"You aren't everyone else. You're usually the only one up before I am." Tony cocked an eyebrow at Peter. "So who were you sneaking out to see last night, hm?"

Peter's eyes went wide. "Who was I- What?"

"Come on, kid. Spill. Friday knows all. She tattled. So come on, who's the girl?"

Loki pawed at Peter's sweatpants, unsure what his plan was going to be if Stark decided to kick him. All he knew was that he wanted to be off of the ground. Peter's eyes flicked down at him, pausing for a moment before scooping him up. Loki crawled further up onto Peter's shoulder, putting himself at eye level with Stark so that he could keep his eyes on him.

"He's a boy," Peter shrugged with the shoulder that Loki wasn't occupying.

Tony blinked several times. "A cat. You climbed out of your window at three in the morning. For a cat."

"In my defense," Peter reached up with the arm closest to Loki and scratched under his chin. "He's a very pretty cat. And so friendly. He came right up to me and slept in bed with me all night."

"Don't cats eat spiders?" Tony asked, reaching out like he meant to pet Loki.

Loki crouched on Peter's shoulder, letting out a visceral hiss and swatting at Stark's hand. It was going to be embarrassing enough to explain to Thor that he had had to spend the night cuddling

with the boy, he did not plan on debasing himself further by allowing Stark to treat him like some common house pet.

“Alright, geez.” Tony pulled his hand away. “Guess it’s already decided you’re its person. If it pees on anything worth more than \$100, it’s outta here though. And next time Pepper asks why I don’t get a cat, you’re gonna vouch for me that even friendly cats hate me.” Walking away, he spoke to the AI: “Friday, get a litter box and some cat food out here for Peter’s emotional support cat.”

“Right away, boss,” the AI chirped back.

“I’ll be in the garage. Keep Garfield out of the lab.”

Peter turned his face into the cat’s fur. “You just stick with me, okay?”

Loki pressed his nose against Peter’s forehead in what he hoped the boy would interpret to mean: ‘They can pry you from my cold, dead claws.’ The sound of a door opening down the hall caused both of them to turn their heads. From the hall, Thor stumbled into the kitchen, starting to pour himself a cup of coffee before turning to look at Peter and the cat.

“Peter, why is my brother sitting on your shoulder,” Thor’s voice was still slurred from being half asleep.

Chapter 2

So, the boy's name was 'Peter'. Loki might have rolled his eyes at the casual way Thor spoke. He still wasn't sure if cats could roll their eyes. He leapt forward off of Peter's shoulder, which caused Peter to gasp and try to catch him. As he was moving, though, he transformed back into himself. The result of these things was that Loki stood before his brother in the Avengers' kitchen with Peter's arms around his waist.

"I- I am so sorry," Peter dropped his hands away from Loki. His face felt hot and he could feel the stinging of his eyes watering from the embarrassment. "I thought you were just a stray cat and I-"

"No need for apologies," Loki reassured him. "And *thank you* for bringing a stray in from the cold. Gods know that no one else here would." He shot a glare at Thor.

"The last time I tried to touch a strange animal, it turned into my brother and stabbed me." Thor chuckled softly. "Have I told you that story?"

When they turned to look at Peter, however, he was sprinting down the hall back to his bedroom. He slammed the door behind him, leaning back against it. His lungs felt like he was breathing too much and not enough all at the same time.

"Well now look what you've done," Loki glared at Thor. "That poor child might drop dead of a heart attack."

"Me?" Thor threw his hands out. "What are you even doing here? Stark will have both our heads if he sees you."

Loki snorted. "New Asgard requests the presence of their *king* , if you can bear to leave your little Midgardian pets for long enough to fulfill your duties."

"Funny that you call them my pets," Thor chuckled as he spoke, "when you spent the night as one of theirs."

Loki's jaw dropped for a moment before he snapped it shut. "Would you prefer I had terrified him like you've just done?"

Thor shrugged. "Peter is a smart boy. He will be alright."

"Since when do you approve of child soldiers, by the way? Has Midgard corrupted you so much?" Loki shot Thor an icy glare.

"He is hardly a-"

"Shut up, Thor. We both know you don't believe that."

"Well, Stark seems-"

Loki scoffed, interrupting Thor's thought.

"I do see your point, brother." Thor sighed, accepting defeat and taking a sip of his coffee.

Loki stalked off down the hall towards Peter's bedroom. He wasn't quite sure why, or what he planned to do when he got there, but something deep in his chest demanded that he ensure that Peter was alright. He tapped his knuckles on the door, barely loud enough to make a sound. On the

other side of the door, Peter jumped. He wasn't sure how long he had been sitting on the floor. The muscles in his chest ached from how heavily he had been breathing.

"Peter," Loki called through the door, leaning his forehead against the wood. He strained his ears trying to hear through it. Part of him wanted to simply project himself through it, but something told him that that would probably do more harm than good.

Gulping down air, Peter tried to come up with some way to answer. His thoughts raced between apologizing, crying, and yelling at Loki.

"Can I come in?"

Peter stood up off the floor, pinching his eyes shut so that he could focus on evening out his breathing before opening the door. When he figured it was as good as it was gonna get, he twisted the handle open, turning to lay face down on his bed without even looking at Loki. He heard the door click shut again once Loki had stepped inside, followed by the soft padding of his feet across the carpet. Looking down at Peter, Loki felt a pang of guilt in his chest, though it was quickly beat back down by more anger towards his brother (and himself, for daring to think that Thor may have learned some *fucking tact*).

"I'd like to apologise." Loki stood awkwardly next to the bed, unsure if it would be presumptuous to sit down.

"Why me?" Peter's voice was muffled by the pillow, but he assumed Loki would understand well enough.

Loki chuckled softly. "Wrong window. I was hoping it was Thor's."

Peter picked his head up off the pillow. "Then why'd you stay?"

"I," Loki paused, thinking about the question. "I don't know. It's been a while since... Well, since anyone could tolerate my presence, really."

Peter sat up, letting his feet fall to the floor. "I want to be mad at you, but that's actually really sad."

"Why did you let me stay?"

"I wasn't just gonna leave a poor defenseless animal out in the cold. What kind of monster would that make me?" Peter crossed his arms over his chest.

Loki tried not to laugh. Really, he did. Looking at Peter's adorable pouting face, though, he couldn't stop himself. When Peter heard the light sound of Loki's laughter, his hands fell to his sides and he couldn't help but laugh along with him. He patted the bed next to him for Loki to sit down, an offer which Loki quickly accepted.

"Peter," Loki looked down at his lap. "You know, you don't have to fight. Whatever Stark has said," he let his voice trail off into silence.

Peter's eyebrows furrowed in confusion. "What? You think Mr. Stark is forcing me to fight?"

"Why else?"

"No," Peter shook his head. "Mr. Stark wants me to stop, but I can't. There's so much bad out there. If I can stop it, then it's my responsibility to do it. I didn't ask for my powers," he gripped at the sheets, feeling them start to tear under his fingers, "but I have them now. How could I just not help

people who need it?"

"Oh, it's easy, you just turn around and walk away." Loki tried to keep his tone light, but realized that his jokes were probably inappropriate shortly after they left his mouth. "Sorry," he added when he saw the glare on Peter's face. "Joking... Mostly."

"It's not your fault," Peter's face softened when he realized that he wasn't actually angry with Loki. "I always feel like I have to prove I belong here and nothing is ever good enough. You know?"

"Better than you realize," Loki replied.

Harsh knocking on Peter's bedroom door made them both jump. Their heads turned in unison to look first at the door, then at each other. However, when Peter looked back at Loki, he was no longer there. He felt gentle taps on his lap and looked down to see a familiar silver cat curling up on his legs. Loki purred contentedly on Peter's lap. If anyone asked, he would swear that it was keeping character. If he was honest with himself, though, he wasn't sure he could stop the purring if he tried. Peter ran a hand down Loki's back, enjoying the velvety feeling of his fur. The knocking returned, slightly louder. Apparently he needed to resign himself to never having any privacy again. Sighing, he looked back at the door.

"Come in."

Chapter 3

"Brother?" Thor looked down at Loki, curled up and purring in Peter's lap. He kicked the door shut behind him.

Peter looked up at Thor in awe. Somehow, no matter how much time he spent around him, his stomach always felt like the drop of a rollercoaster when Thor walked into the room. He decided not to linger too long on the fact that Loki, despite also being a god, did not have that effect on him. Loki lifted his head off Peter's lap, giving his best dramatic huff as he stood all the way up. He hopped down onto the floor, transforming back into himself before he hit the ground. Peter blinked several times, unsure of if he had even seen the change. Loki stood before Thor with his arms crossed over his chest, their eyes locked on each other.

"Decided to get back to your people? You know, the ones who desperately seek the guidance of their king?" Loki taunted Thor, probably more than he otherwise would have if he weren't so irritated with his poorly-timed interruption.

Thor sighed. "Yes, alright, we shall return." Softer, he grumbled, "I don't see why you can't just do it, you had no objections to impersonating father in order to be king."

"His skin is far more comfortable than yours." Loki rolled his eyes. "Besides, we all know that my impression of you is the worst."

To demonstrate his point, Loki shifted his appearance so that he looked like the spitting image of Thor. Peter gaped at him. If it weren't for the Loki's incredibly sassy posture, there would be no way to tell the difference between them.

"I am Thor," Loki-Thor put his hands on his hips in the Superman pose. "Come to save my precious Midgard from minor inconvenience while my people are attempting to rebuild their society."

"Alright, alright," the real Thor waved a hand. "I get the point. Take it off. You know it's weird talking to myself."

"Well, now you know how I feel trying to have meaningful conversation with you," Loki spoke again, this time in his own body.

Thor glared at Loki. "You could stand to learn more about Midgard, you know. This is your home now, too."

Loki frowned. Somehow, it hadn't occurred to him that he was actually welcome anywhere on this planet. With the possible exception of Peter's bedroom. He wondered if, for the first time in centuries, his brother might have a point.

"Fine," Loki shrugged. "Then I shall stay here."

"And what?" Thor laughed. "Trick them with your wonderful impression of me?"

"I've always been rather fond of felines," Loki raised an eyebrow. He looked over his shoulder at Peter before continuing. "As long as Peter doesn't mind keeping his cat around for a bit longer."

Peter shook his head, still sitting in stunned silence. There were gods in his bedroom. Bickering. One of them had just asked if he could pretend to be Peter's pet for an as-yet-unspecified amount of

time. Peter wasn't sure if he would ever be able to formulate a proper sentence again.

Thor laughed, grabbing Mjolnir by the handle and opening the door to leave the room. He paused at the door, starting expectantly at Loki, who simply shook his head. "Brother, you can't be serious."

"It was your idea," Loki shrugged. "Something something, this is my home and I need to learn more about it."

"When Stark finds you-"

"He won't."

"He will kill you."

"Not if I have anything to say about it." Peter blinked up at the two gods, cursing his sudden ability to speak again.

Loki glanced back at Peter, giving him a tender smile. "See," he turned back to Thor. "It will all be fine. Just, please, for the love of the nine, get a cell phone before you leave. You know, just in case."

Thor gave Loki a sarcastic grimace.

Peter's skin bristled when he heard the sound of footsteps coming down the hallway. He reached up, tapping Loki's arm urgently. "Someone's coming."

Loki shifted himself back to the silver cat, hopping up on Peter's lap.

The footsteps reached Peter's door, revealing Tony Stark with Dr. Banner in tow. Peter noticed the wristlets on Tony's wrists that meant he was preparing to put on the rest of his suit any moment. Loki felt his chest tighten at the sight of the mousy-looking doctor. He crouched low on Peter's lap, making himself as small as possible.

"Oh no no," Tony's voice was loud and laced with anger. "Someone here is going to explain what exactly the fuck is going on and you're going to do it right the fuck now."

"Stark?" Thor's tone was questioning.

"Don't give me that. Rumpleteazer over there's got some explaining to do, starting with getting the fuck away from my intern."

"Rumple-what," Peter asked, one hand resting protectively on top of Loki.

Tony rolled his eyes. "The cat. Or should I say 'the maniac that tried to destroy New York and enslave all of humanity.'"

Loki stepped off Peter's lap on the side of the bed furthest from Tony, changing back to himself and putting both his hands up.

"I'm sorry," Banner spoke up from behind Tony. "I tried to tell him you were different and that there was probably a totally reasonable explanation."

Tony took a step forward, his wrist straps turning into the gauntlets of his suit. He aimed the blasters at Loki, through Peter's chest. "Pete, gonna need you to get out of the way."

"Mr. Stark, I don't think I can do that," Peter stood up, putting himself more firmly between Tony and Loki. His heart hammered in his chest.

"I did tell you he was going to kill you," Thor said to Loki over Peter's shoulder. Peter couldn't help the slight glare at the way Thor so casually spoke about someone he supposedly loved *dying*. It offended him on a deep, visceral level.

Loki sighed, standing up and adjusting the cuffs of his shirt. He tried to keep his expression calm, even though he wanted nothing more than to will his daggers into his hands and send them flying through Stark's smug throat. "We were just leaving."

"Oh you're not going anywhere."

"Tony, I really don't think—" Bruce's hand was on Tony's shoulder trying to pull him back.

Thor shifted his posture, angling himself between Tony and Peter. "Stark, come on, we've talked about this. Even Banner has talked about this."

Loki smirked, recognizing Thor's tactic for what it was, and leaned down next to Peter's ear, whispering: "Outside, midnight."

Before Peter could fully turn around to give Loki a confused look, he was gone. Peter blinked several times, looking between the empty spot on the carpet and Bruce, who must have seen what happened since looked just as confused.

"Uh, guys—" Bruce's voice was small behind the rapidly increasing volume of Thor and Tony's arguing.

When Thor and Tony finally realized what had happened, there was a stunned moment of silence before the room erupted. Between Tony's furious yelling and Thor's booming laughter, Peter's ears couldn't handle the noise. It felt so loud that he thought he might be drowning in it. All of his thoughts came screeching to a halt to make room for the overwhelming need to just *get away* from the noise. Without his permission, his feet backed him into the corner of the room, where he slumped against the wall. The noise felt like it was closing in on him, keeping him trapped. His head dropped between his knees, pressing them against his ears tight enough that it started to hurt. The hurt started to distract him and before he could process that as a thought, his hands were fisted into his hair, grasping at it so tightly that it really hurt. The burn in his lungs only added to the pain distracting him from the crushing noise. So much so that he didn't notice when the noise had dulled or when Tony's hand tried to pry his own from his hair.

Chapter 4

Loki stalked in his cat form, just outside the patch of light made by Peter's window. He could hear the soft rumbling of voices coming from Peter's room and assumed that Peter was running late because of whomever was talking. The thought annoyed him, though he couldn't put a finger (or a paw?) on why he would care so much that someone else was taking up Peter's time. So, he lurked in the shadows for nearly an hour, growing steadily more irritated with having to stay away from his boy.

Inside the room, Thor sat on Peter's bed, telling him every story that he could think of from his and Loki's childhood on Asgard. Peter was grateful for the deep bass of his voice and the presence of him in the room, even though he wasn't focusing on the words. He hadn't been able to bring himself to speak beyond repeating 'too loud' until Tony and Bruce had retreated, with Tony mumbling something about searching the grounds for Loki. He hadn't even been able to make his body move from where he was still curled up on the floor in the corner of his room.

His impatience getting the better of him, Loki decided to see what was keeping Peter. Thinking himself clever, he changed his form to a spider, crawling up the walls to the ledge of Peter's window where he became a cat once again. Looking into the room, his heart felt like it might burst out of his chest in a furry ball. He was sure if he were younger, some fire certainly would have burst from him with the intensity of the rage he felt. He considered, briefly, going and finding Stark so that he could give him a nice, long introduction to his daggers for whatever he had done to Peter. That thought, however, was buried underneath his need to go and ensure that Peter was alright. Hopping through the open window, he didn't even spare a glance at Thor, who had stopped talking when he noticed Loki on the windowsill.

Peter was surprised when he felt the deep vibrating of Loki's purring. He let his arms and knees relax, leaving room for Loki to climb up into the space between his chest and his legs. Taking it for the invitation that he desperately hoped it was, Loki pressed his head up under Peter's chin, deep purring shaking his entire body.

"I'm going to... get water or..." Thor's voice trailed off as he left the room, closing the door behind him.

"You came back," Peter's voice was a hoarse whisper.

Loki kneaded into Peter's chest in response, which he hoped Peter could interpret as: '*Of course I came back, you adorable, pathetic human.*'

When Peter's knees relaxed, letting his legs extend away from his body, he felt the cramps that had built up in them from spending most of the day curled up so tightly. His arms hugged Loki to his chest, hands running through the soft fur of Loki's back, rougher than he meant to, but Loki seemed to lean up into the touch, so he didn't change it. Loki, for his part, enjoyed the heavy-handed way that Peter clutched at his fur, like maybe he couldn't get enough. After so long spent tense and hyperventilating, all of Peter's muscles started to feel heavy with Loki purring in his arms. With heavy eyelids, he let himself lie down on his side on the floor, too spent to even force himself to move the four feet to the bed. The sound and vibration of Loki's purring kept his other senses dulled enough that he could slip into a much-needed sleep.

This time, Loki forced himself to stay awake. He kept one eye on the doorway, prepared to launch himself at it with both daggers in hand if anyone (especially Stark) dared to open it. When Thor cracked the door, he very nearly hurled a dagger at him before realizing who it was walking into

the room.

"Don't move," Thor whispered, as much as he could whisper. Somehow it still managed to sound like yelling when Thor did it. Stepping into the room, he nudged the door shut behind him and moved to sit down on the bed where he had been when Loki first entered the room.

Loki adjusted himself in Peter's arms so that he could look at Thor, soft purrs still rumbling in his chest.

Thor almost looked sad when he spoke again, his voice still a harsh whisper. "Peter is a good human, Loki. But you are right. Yes, don't look so smug. Who knew a cat could look smug." He shook his head, staring down at his hands. "He is still very much a child. Not unlike you, you know. Banner did the math and comparable to our lifespan, you and he are almost the same age."

A slight chirping sound came from Loki's throat in an attempt to urge Thor to continue.

"After you did your little magic trick, Stark and I may have exchanged some words. Peter just. He shut down. It reminded me of when father and I would fight and I would find you hours later conjuring up all those birds to drown us out; do you remember?"

The memories brought a painful throb to Loki's chest. How could he not remember? Between Thor and Odin, surely there wasn't a soul in Asgard that hadn't heard their terrible fights. The noise of it had overwhelmed him to the point that he had taught himself to conjure birds, just to try to drown out the noise. He meowed softly at Thor.

"No one knew what to do, Loki. They just left him. I came back and he was still on the floor breathing so hard and saying that it was too loud. It was just like you. So I did what I always did with you after father and I fought. I told him every story I could think of. He's not a soldier, Loki." Thor looked down at his lap, shaking his head. "We never should have let you be, either."

The last sentence was spoken so softly that Loki almost didn't hear it over the sound of his own purring.

"You know," Thor exhaled in a slight laugh. "I think I like you better as a cat. You actually let me talk to you."

Loki growled, trying to remind Thor that he was still willing to stab him, should the mood strike.

Thor chuckled. "That's kind of cute, you know."

The sound of Thor's voice coupled with the vibration of Loki's purring let Peter stir slowly without being overwhelmed by all of the sensory input that came with being awake. He nuzzled into the top of Loki's head, pressing a kiss to the soft fur between his ears. He wasn't sure how long he had slept, but the artificial light of his room told him that it hadn't been very long. Opening his eyes, he let his vision come into focus, looking up at Thor sitting on the edge of his bed.

"You know," Peter yawned mid-sentence. "It's kind of weird to stare at people when they're sleeping."

Chapter 5

Peter clutched Loki tight to his chest, keeping his fingers curled into the softness of his fur. In the two days since what everyone had started referring to as "The Incident", Loki had stayed in the compound, never more than a few feet away from Peter whether he looked like a man or a feline. The tension in the air had grown so thick it was almost a physical presence, but voices were kept hushed and insults were bit back. Peter could tell that people were tiptoeing around him. He wasn't stupid. It made him feel all that much more self-conscious about everyone thinking he was just a kid who got in way over his head. He did consider, briefly, that maybe he *was* a kid who got in way over his head.

"Loki?" Thor's voice called into the common room where they were sitting. "Ah, there you are," he said when he saw Peter, plopping himself down on the couch next to them.

Stepping out of Peter's arms, Loki became himself again, sitting on the couch between the two of them.

"You were right, before. We should get back to New Asgard."

Peter felt his breath hitch in his throat. Before that moment, he hadn't really paid much attention to how much he had come to rely on Loki's presence, as a cat or himself, to keep his senses under control.

"But," Thor continued. "Peter, I would like to ask for your help. There aren't many of our people left and those that remain are mere civilians. All of our soldiers were lost... We need as much help as we can get rebuilding."

Loki smiled softly at his brother, hoping it would communicate how grateful he was to Thor for thinking of some way to work Peter out from under Stark's fingertips before he shattered completely.

"I don't- I mean- I want to," Peter stuttered and looked between Loki and Thor. "But I have school."

"Stark has assured me that he would take care of the paperwork if you would agree. I stopped listening when he started speaking in large words."

Rolling his eyes, Loki let his face fall into his hands. "You absolute barbarian," he muttered. There was no bite in his voice.

"My people would be forever grateful to you, Peter," Thor continued. "As would I, and I'm sure somewhere in the depths of his frozen heart, Loki would be as well."

Loki shot him a glare, though it was softer than the looks he normally aimed at Thor. Mentally, he blamed Peter for making him soft and hoped that Thor wouldn't notice. "Need I remind you that it was I who came to find you in the first place after you left *our* people in their hour of need?"

"See?" Thor gestured at Loki, his tone good-natured. "He does care."

Peter couldn't help but smile. He nodded at Thor. "Okay... Okay, yeah. I just want to help people."

"Excellent!" Thor hopped off the couch and walked to the other end where Peter was sitting. In one

quick motion, he lifted him up into a tight hug that crushed the air out of his lungs. “Maybe when all is done we shall name a holiday in your honor. How does ‘Feast of the Spiders’ sound?”

Peter’s jaw dropped open and before he could try to protest, Thor had walked off somewhere without another word. Loki could only cover his mouth to try and stifle his laughter.

“He was kidding, right?” Peter looked at Loki wide-eyed.

The nagging voice in the back of Loki’s head considered continuing the joke to ruffle Peter’s feathers just a little bit more, but the sight of Peter with his eyes wide, looking so much like a sweet little puppy, made him stop himself. Against his better judgement, he reached out and tucked a strand of hair back behind his ear. “I’m sure he was, little spider.”

The rest of the day passed by in a blur for Peter. Between phone calls to May and packing a suitcase full of what Tony and Thor called “the essentials” (a mixture of clothing suitable for working outdoors, pajamas, his suit, enough underwear to last him the rest of his life, and three toothbrushes) he hardly had a moment to sit down and think, which meant that he also had no time to get overwhelmed with everything going on around him. Loki watched the way that Peter seemed to never stop moving. He recognized it from his own youth (which Thor kept insisting was not that long ago) when he was still learning to control his seidr. He could remember the constant need to keep himself occupied so that his thoughts didn’t dwell in places they shouldn’t. It saddened him to think that Peter might be stuck in the same cycle, though he hoped that coming with them to New Asgard would give him plenty of distraction. If it didn’t, he reasoned, at least he would be there to keep an eye on him. His skin bristled when he thought about Stark’s incredibly careless handling of Peter. Some part of him still didn’t quite believe that Stark hadn’t somehow convinced the boy to be a soldier and made him think it was his own idea.

“You’re taking my personal plane,” Tony said to them, hanging up his phone. “SHIELD is still a little upset about us breaking some cities and technically no one is supposed to be traveling without their say-so, but as far as they know, Peter doesn’t exist, Banner is just a scientist, and you two are missing.”

“What does Dr. Banner have to do with it,” Peter asked, scratching Loki behind the ears where he was cradled in his arms.

Tony turned to him, pinching the bridge of his nose. “You know, it’s a little hard to talk to you when all I can think of is Figaro over there committing genocide and you’re just scratching him behind the ears.” He put a hand up when Peter opened his mouth to interrupt. “*But*, to answer your question: since you don’t exist and neither do they, officially, Banner is taking the jet to go to a convention on nuclear power in Oslo that happens to be happening this week.”

“Excellent!” Thor’s voice boomed, making both Peter and Loki jump. “Banner should join us afterwards. Valkyrie speaks very highly of him.”

“You’ll have to talk to him about that on the jet.” Tony looked down at his watch. “Wheels up in thirty, I expect you all to be ready to go.” He pointed at Loki, which made Peter tighten his grip on the cat protectively. “I better not find any fur on my jet, Dinah.”

Chapter 6

Despite being completely exhausted and jetlagged, Peter was amazed by how beautiful New Asgard was. In the fading light of the evening, there was a glow around the land that made it look like it had come straight from another world. The ocean seemed so crisp and clean where it rolled against the shoreline that it took him a moment to remember that it was actually the same ocean that touched New York. Part of him wasn't completely convinced that there wasn't some sort of magic at work. There was no way that the same ocean from his hometown that like a trash heap and looked like liquid smog could look and smell as clean as this one. Loki smiled softly at the look of amazement on Peter's face. Thor, on the other hand, seemed to be scowling.

"Welcome home," Loki spoke to Thor.

Thor turned to him. "I thought construction had started."

"It has," Loki gestured to the two moderately sized buildings of questionable integrity that were standing. "You forget, brother, many of our people are in no shape to be constructing anything. Our masons and blacksmiths were our soldiers. The Valkyrie and I have done the best we could, but," he sighed. "You see now why we need you."

Peter looked between them with heavy eyes, doing his best to perk himself up. "It's okay, we'll have everyone sorted out in no time. Just tell me where you need me."

"Well," Thor started to speak.

"Right now, you have an important job to do in a bedroll," Loki interrupted. "Tired workers make mistakes and right now we can't afford those."

"But-"

"No buts, little spider," Loki put a hand on his shoulder and started to guide him down the path. "Besides, Thor has some checking in and planning to do with Valkyrie. I'm sure she'll set us all straight in the morning." He shot Thor a look, daring him to try to contradict him, but was grateful when Thor only gave him a knowing nod. "Come along."

Peter considered arguing more, but he knew it wouldn't be any use. Loki was right. He wasn't any help to anyone if he was so tired that he was going to mess something up. Without thinking, he let himself lean into Loki's side as they walked. Loki could feel the burning stares from the few people that still dotted the pathways. He wasn't sure he wanted to even try to guess what they might be thinking. Peter, however, didn't notice at all. He kept himself tucked firmly against Loki's side, his eyes heavy.

"Most everyone else is still sleeping in what's left of the ship," Loki told Peter as they entered one of the buildings. "Probably because there's a rumor that this one's roof leaks a bit and it doesn't keep heat very well, but I've been sleeping in it and it isn't so bad. It gets a little noisy on the ship and I've always been one to appreciate the quiet. I'm sure you can understand." He gestured to a bedroll on the floor, feeling the way that his jaw tensed as he remembered the sideways looks that had also contributed to the decision to start sleeping there. He decided that he would spare Peter those details. The boy seemed rather fond of him for the moment and he planned on holding onto that for as long as he could. For all his talk of solitude, Loki had to admit to himself that he had missed the company of *some* kinds of people.

"You're staying, right?" Peter hadn't meant to sound as pathetic as he did. What he had meant to say was something more like: '*Oh, I don't want to put you out*', but his exhausted brain apparently couldn't manage that many words, so decided to go with something closer to what he really meant, which was '*Please don't leave me all alone again*'.

Loki offered a gentle smile and a reassuring rub of Peter's arm. "Unfortunately, there seems to be a shortage of space, so you might be stuck with me for a while."

Peter sighed, letting his shoulders relax. "Sorry. It's been a long week. I'm not usually so," he waved a hand dismissively, looking up at Loki and hoping that he could figure out what that meant. Based on the look he gave, Peter assumed he understood.

"Relax," Loki guided Peter to sit down on the bedroll, taking a seat next to him. "You're here to help us, remember? Getting a break from Stark is just a bonus." He gave Peter a wink.

A smirk crossed Peter's face and he had to stifle a laugh.

"If it's all the same to you, though, the nights tend to get a bit chilled. It might be warmer if I were myself, rather than your feline friend." Loki cocked his head, unsure what Peter's reaction would be. He knew, though, that if Peter asked, he would spend every night as a cat. Not that he would admit it to anyone else, but he had been enjoying the way that Peter held him tight to his chest when he was a cat. It made him feel some kind of *grounded* or like maybe someone might actually need him. The constant motion of Peter's hands through his fur reminded him in every moment that this was *real* and he was *alive* and there were kind, gentle people like Peter who *cared about him* even knowing all he had done.

Peter blinked a few times. "Of course it's the same to me. You're you, no matter what you look like." He paused for a moment while Loki took in his words in stunned silence before adding: "Just please like... don't start looking like Thor or something in the middle of the night. I don't think my heart could handle the shock."

Loki laughed, wondering if Peter was making a joke for his benefit or if it came naturally. "You have my word."

"Good," Peter yawned, laying back on the bedroll. His muscles felt like they were melting straight through the floorboards. "I don't think I can keep my eyes open anymore."

Not even a minute passed before Loki could hear Peter's breathing slow as he drifted off to sleep. Laying down on his side facing Peter, but keeping a few inches between them, Loki watched the steady rise and fall of his chest. He studied Peter's features, noting the details in his face that weren't usually visible. The light freckles that dotted the bridge of his nose, usually obscured by the way his mouth never seemed to stop moving. Not that Loki was going to complain. He had spent enough time alone with his thoughts to last him a lifetime. Even longer without a kind word. The way that Peter spoke to him, though, made his chest feel like he'd had some especially good champagne: light and warm and bubbly. Peter's constant mumblings, usually when Loki was appearing as a cat, had become a welcome comfort. (As if there was anyone who would reject being told how pretty they were constantly. The very thought made Loki scoff.) The ambient sounds of the countryside acted as a sort of white noise, lulling Loki to sleep in the middle of his train of thought.

Peter woke in the middle of the night when he started shivering. Through the window (or rather: the hole in the wall) he could see the darkness of the night sky dotted with stars. It made his eyes go wide. Living in New York, he wasn't sure he had ever really seen stars. Ben had told him once that the city was so bright that most of the things they saw in the sky were probably satellites.

Looking up at the sky, he finally understood how Ben could tell the difference. He definitely hadn't ever seen stars like that. It made him wonder, awestruck, how many of those stars had planets orbiting them with living beings on them. He knew, statistically, that there had to be some.

A gentle snore next to him pulled Peter from his train of thought. Somehow, distracted by how many stars there really were, he had forgotten that Loki was asleep on the mat beside him. After a moment, he noticed that Loki seemed to be curled up on the farthest side of the bedroll. His hand rested on the space between their pillows. Chewing on his bottom lip, Peter remembered that he had woken up because he was actually pretty cold. He considered his options before deciding that he was going to cuddle up with Loki. As much as he knew that Loki was Loki no matter what he looked like, his brain seemed to short-circuit for a moment at the thought of it. Turning onto his other side, he nestled his back against Loki and immediately forgot what he had been so hung up on. The motion made him realize exactly how much taller Loki was. After spending his whole life being 'Puny Parker', he was somewhat used to people being bigger than him, but Loki's size had a much different effect on him than anyone else's had. Rather than being intimidated, he felt safe with Loki. Peter nestled his head underneath Loki's chin, tensing slightly when the other man started to move. Loki's hand left its spot between their pillows to wrap around Peter's waist, hugging him tight to his front. Peter relaxed, letting Loki's long body envelop him. Warmth spread through him from his chest to the tips of his toes. Looking out the other window, he fell asleep trying to count how many stars he could see.

Loki woke before dawn, when the sky was just starting to look more deep blue than black. The first birds were starting to stir, chirping as if being awake before the sun were something to be proud of. Trying to convince his body to go back to sleep, he hugged his pillow tighter against his chest. His pillow, however, made a soft whimpering noise and alerted him to the fact that it was not a pillow at all. Peter's body felt warm against him in contrast to the chilly air around them. The blanket portion of their bedroll, it seemed, had gotten bunched around their legs during the night. Cracking his eyes open the slightest bit, he could see the goosebumps across Peter's flesh. With the slightest motion of his hand, the roll sealed itself around them, straps tying themselves off to prevent it from unrolling again. He tipped his head down to nuzzle into Peter's hair. Having spent the last few days in Peter's constant company, he knew that the boy hadn't showered, but the scent of his hair might have had Loki's knees weak if he weren't already laying down. Sleepily, he pressed a lingering kiss to the top of Peter's head and let himself drift back to sleep.

Chapter 7

Throughout their days of construction, Loki caught himself stealing glances at Peter. Somehow, in the softness of the way he had handled Loki both as a cat and himself, he had missed how strong the boy really was. Seeing him easily drag pallets of wood and stone around the plots of their new city stirred something deep in Loki's stomach. Whenever Thor had done such things in their youth, he would roll his eyes at the showmanship of it. Peter, by comparison, seemed to just do things. There was no fanfare or even an expectation that someone would be looking. Often, he seemed to avoid areas where there were many people, shying away from compliments. When he was feeling hopeful, Loki considered that Peter seemed to prefer his company over that of the others. Meanwhile, Thor, the same brute that he had always been, would charge into the crowd to let the women fawn over his muscles. It still made Loki roll his eyes.

As the sun started to set and everyone else turned in for the night, Peter found his way to Loki's side. Despite the fact that there were many more buildings in mostly livable condition, he couldn't bring himself to sleep apart from Loki now that he had started. Both were grateful that the other hadn't mentioned it. Before they could retire to bed, a low grinding noise made its way to Peter's ears. Pausing, one hand on Loki's arm, he realized what it was.

"Loki, we need to get everyone off the ship. Now."

Loki's eyes darted between Peter and the ship, which seemed fine to him.

"Now!" Peter repeated himself forcefully, running towards the ship. He didn't turn around to make sure that Loki was following, nor did he notice when Loki disappeared for a moment, projecting his form to both Thor and the Valkyrie to tell them they needed to start evacuating the ship.

By the time Peter got the ship, it was visibly slipping on the cliff face. He did the only thing he could think of and grabbed onto it with both hands, trying to drag it back. Somewhere inside him, though, he knew that even he had his limits. The ship continued to drag, pulling him with it. He planted his feet and let his hands stick to the ship, praying that Loki would be able to get everyone out in time.

Valkyrie passed by him in a blur, calling something over her shoulder that sounded like encouragement as she sprinted into the ship. Setting his jaw, he focused on keeping it on land long enough for them to get everyone out. Moments later Loki followed her, shooting Peter a look that he didn't quite recognize on his way past.

Peter's shoulders felt like they might tear out of their sockets. The metal of the ship creaked and groaned with the strain, gravity pulling against it. All at once, he regretted not wearing his suit all the time like Tony kept telling him to. His feet dragged against the dirt of the cliffside, fighting to keep his footing. Thor sprinted to join him, gripping what he could reach on the other end of the ship. Peter shouted in pain, willing his arms to just hold on a bit longer. Loki and Valkyrie continued to usher people off the ship, three at a time across their makeshift bridge. Through the tears in his eyes, Peter stared at Loki. The way that he moved so gracefully under pressure, like he was sure that everything would be alright. Underneath it, the way that his eyes darted between Peter and Thor. He assumed Loki was trying to figure out exactly how long they had before their arms gave out. His entire chest burned, like he was being torn apart.

"Is that everyone?" Thor's shout broke out above the noise of the crowd.

Loki and Valkyrie gave each other a look before they both nodded, panting from sprinting through

the ship to gather the remaining Asgardians.

"On three, Peter," Thor called to him. "We let it go."

Peter nodded, unsure if his voice would work. As soon as he heard Thor's shout of "THREE," he released the ship, collapsing into a heap on the ground. The sound of metal meeting rocks and ocean reached his ears a few short seconds later to let him know that the ship had fallen. He tried to push himself up off the ground, but his arms gave out from under him, sending him faceplanting into the dirt.

Seeing Peter collapse in a heap on the ground, Loki ran and dropped to his knees by his side. His hands moved faster than his thoughts, lifting Peter's head onto his lap.

"Peter," Loki mumbled. "You saved them."

"M'alright," Peter groaned, opening one eye to look up at Loki. "Don't let Thor name a holiday after me."

Feeling his eyes start to water, Loki let out a relieved laugh. "I'll do my best. Come on now, let's get you up."

Peter let out a long whine, but allowed Loki to help him to his feet. His whole body felt like one big bruise. Even where Loki supported some of his weight, it hurt to be touched. Every muscle burned like it had been torn apart then run through a garbage disposal. It was a slow trek to their cabin. Peter limped along with a lot of help and every few steps someone would stop them to thank them. At first it annoyed Loki, but seeing the way Peter's face lit up, he couldn't stay sour for long. They did, eventually, make their way to the cabin where Loki eased him down onto their shared bedroll and sat down next to him, pulling his head onto his lap so that he could stroke his sweaty hair.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Loki sat awake, watching the way that Peter's eyes kept pinching together any time he moved or even breathed too hard while he was sleeping. It made his chest ache, seeing Peter in so much pain. His hands moved over Peter's face, trying to comfort him even in his sleep. When the tell-tale green of his seidr reached out from his hands, his breath caught in his throat. Fear gripped him, remembering the times as a child when he couldn't control himself and caught several rooms in the palace on fire. He watched, frozen, as his seidr wrapped around Peter in wispy cords. The bruises blossoming on his shoulders seemed to fade everywhere that it touched. Shifting his eyes to Peter's face, Loki could see that he was starting to relax. He hoped that meant that the pain was going away and not that he had accidentally sedated him. When the magic cleared from the air, Loki felt his own eyes growing heavy. Rather than move Peter, he summoned what was left of his resolve to conjure a pillow so that he could lean back against the wall. As he drifted closer to sleep, he felt one of Peter's hands lacing their fingers together on his lap and soft lips kissing his knuckles.

Peter woke in the middle of the night, expecting the agony of torn muscles. Instead, he was surprised to find that he was only sore and stiff. Turning his face into what he thought was a pillow, he realized that he was laying on Loki's lap. Their fingers were laced together and one of Loki's hands lay tangled in his hair. Moving slowly, he sat up. His muscles protested, but no more than if he had gone on an especially hard patrol. He blinked a few times, letting his eyes adjust to the darkness so that he could look at Loki's face. Peter thought it was the most peaceful he had ever seen him. When he was awake, even when he was smiling, something about Loki always seemed very *sharp*. Here, asleep, he looked soft. It made Peter desperately want to touch him.

Loki woke with a start to the feeling of fingers on his face. His eyes opened and were met with Peter's staring back at him. Peter was sitting up and looking at him and touching him. That meant that he hadn't hurt him with his seidr and maybe he had actually helped. Peter smiled at him. It was barely visible in the dark, but Loki could feel it. The room suddenly felt several degrees warmer, even though he still had goosebumps. Acting almost on instinct, he leaned into the touch, letting his cheek press against Peter's warm palm. When Peter moved, his thoughts were only static. He straddled Loki's lap, bringing both hands to his hair. Loki swallowed thickly, his Adam's apple bobbing. When he focused, Peter could hear the faint thumping of his heart hammering away. He paused, waiting for Loki to say something or shove him away, but when that didn't happen he leaned forward and kissed him.

Peter's kiss was gentle and clumsy, but it made Loki's fingers feel like they'd gone numb. His hands came up to rest on Peter's waist, fingers pressing into his back to ground himself. He matched Peter's movements, allowing him to decide where their kiss was going and how to get there. It was all Loki could do to keep from devouring his mouth. When Peter's grip on his hair tightened, he lost himself. His arms wrapped all the way around Peter's slender waist, pulling their bodies tight together. A slight whine left Peter's mouth and for a moment Loki considered pulling away, worried that he might have done something that hurt him. Peter pulled away first, though, using his grip on Loki's hair to hold him in place while he moved to kiss his neck.

"Peter," Loki's voice was much more of a whimper than he meant it to be.

Peter hummed softly around the flesh of Loki's neck that he was sucking on, hoping that it would be a good enough reply since he didn't plan on letting it go any time soon. His hands left Loki's

hair to tug the hem of his shirt.

Losing his self-control, Loki lifted Peter off his lap easily and tossed him onto the bedroll. Both Peter's mouth and his legs opened as he stared up at Loki kneeling above him. Looking down at Peter's messy hair and wide eyes, he bit into his lip, trying to commit the image to memory. When Peter started to squirm he reached forward and unbuttoned his pants, looking up at his face once more before tugging them just barely off his hips allowing his cock to spring free. With a last glance up at Peter's face, he swallowed him down in one smooth motion. Peter's head tipped back, eyebrows pinched together. His chest heaved, a long whine coming from his throat. One hand came down to rest on the back of Loki's head while the other gripped the bedroll. Loki smiled, working his tongue along the underside of Peter's cock. His chest felt warm and floaty at the way that even when he was falling apart, Peter still handled him gently. He could tell Peter was getting close when his hand started to tug at Loki's hair. It was almost endearing that he thought there was a chance that Loki wouldn't be swallowing whatever he gave him.

"I-," Peter whined softly. "Loki-"

Without finishing his sentence, his voice trailed off into soft, desperate moans as he released into Loki's mouth. Loki gave a few last, gentle sucks, waiting until Peter started to jump from the overstimulation before pulling off, placing a kiss on his hipbone, and tugging his pants back up.

Chapter End Notes

Welcome to another episode of: My Beta called me a coward so I'm posting this instead of rewriting it AGAIN

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Come, come,” Loki tugged on Peter’s hand.

Peter followed, still rubbing the sleep from his eyes. The sky had barely started to tint pink, sun still below the horizon, when Loki had woken him and dragged him from their bedroll. “This better be worth it,” he grumbled, trying to force his voice to sound grumpier than he actually was.

“It will definitely be worth it.” Loki grinned as they came over a hill to one of the ‘natural’ hot springs he had found near New Asgard. ‘Natural’ being a strong word since he may have helped it warm up a bit. “Come on, get in.”

“Are you out of your mind?” Peter blinked up at him. “It’s freezing.”

“Do you trust me?” Loki’s eyes twinkled.

Peter sighed, but stripped off his clothing. He stood, shivering, and waited for Loki to do the same. Loki took a moment to appreciate the way that Peter’s muscles rippled before tugging his own clothes off and tossing them into the pile of Peter’s. The feeling of Peter’s eyes on him made him smile even though he was conscious of the fact that he wasn’t nearly as muscular or as young. He stepped into the water without hesitation, wading out until it was up to his waist. Holding a hand out, he looked at Peter expectantly. With a slight sigh, Peter decided that whatever was about to happen would be worth it if he got to spend more time around a naked Loki. When his feet first touched the water, his eyes went wide, surprised by the fact that it was warm to the touch. He looked from the water to Loki’s smile, unable to stop the grin that spread across his own face. Loki took his hand when he was within reach, pulling Peter close. Peter kissed his nose, making him wrinkle it. He couldn’t remember a time when anyone would have done such a thing to him and the gesture was somewhere between comforting and confusing.

“You know,” Peter’s tone was light and teasing. “I’m starting to think that deep down inside you’re actually a very nice person.”

Loki slapped a hand over Peter’s mouth, a mischievous grin on his face. “You take that back right now before someone hears.”

Peter licked his hand, making him yank it away, looking horrified.

“How have I never thought of that?” He looked down at his hand, like he was asking it instead of himself, thinking of all the times Thor had covered his mouth, before dipping it in the water to get the saliva off.

“Don’t worry, I won’t tell.” Peter tucked a stray strand of hair behind Loki’s ear. “Just know that I see you.”

Sighing, Loki let himself be pulled against Peter’s body and turned so that his back was flush with Peter’s chest.

“Would the irony kill you if I told you to kneel?” Peter had mostly been joking and he heard the deep chuckle that rumbled through Loki’s chest. He was not at all expecting Loki to humor him and kneel down in the water, letting it rise up to the middle of his chest.

Loki tipped his head back so that he could take in the look of shock on Peter's face. When he recovered, Peter used a hand on Loki's shoulder to guide him to dip his head under the water. He came up with a smile, hair sticking to his face as he looked up at Peter who couldn't help but think that he looked positively angelic. Feeling around with his feet, Peter found a rock to sit on that let the water come up to his lap. Loki swam and knelt next to his legs, laying his torso across Peter's lap, his face turned to the side and resting against his arms so that it stayed above water. He sighed, trying to release some of the tension from seeing Peter so hurt. For once, he had no words to explain to Peter how grateful he was. He hoped that he knew. One of Peter's hands ran through his hair, keeping it wet enough to not be uncomfortably sticky. The other trailed down his back, gentle at first, but eventually firmer, rolling through muscles he wasn't sure anyone had ever touched. Peter watched the goosebumps spread across Loki's back as he worked the heel of his palm over the muscles. For how slender Loki looked when he was dressed, Peter was only slightly surprised by how muscular he really was. Not muscular like Thor, but muscular like he himself was.

When Peter touched an especially firm knot in his back, Loki couldn't help the whine that came out of him. The warmth of the water and Peter's hands had him feeling loose and relaxed. He was vaguely aware that his knees were no longer in the sand, but instead floating underwater. He wasn't sure how long they stayed like that. By the time he willed himself to move, slipping behind Peter on the rock, it felt like Peter had loosened him up all the way to his bones.

Peter leaned back against him, sighing: "Maybe I'll just never go back."

"Of all the treasures I've stolen, you would be my favorite." Loki draped his arms over Peter's shoulders.

Smiling, Peter turned his face to kiss one of Loki's biceps. "Is it really stealing if I come willingly?"

Chapter End Notes

As of right now this is finished! Going any further seemed like it would just be dragging on. There may be an epilogue in the future that takes place a decent ways after this, but I'm pretty happy to call this 'complete' <3 Thank you all so much for all the support and encouragement to continue. I plan on writing more of this pairing very very soon.

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

<8 Months Later>

Bruce shot Peter a look from where he was sitting on one of the seats of Tony's plane. It made all the hair on his arms stand up to feel eyes on him, especially when he was already feeling so restless.

"How long's it been this time, kid?"

"Two months," Peter answered, probably too quickly.

"You told May this time, right?"

Peter rolled his eyes. "I tell her every time. The first time I just might have fudged a little bit on the distance thing."

"Tony know?"

Peter shifted his eyes. "He is the one that taught me that you should always ask forgiveness not permission."

With a shake of his head, Bruce laughed. "Just don't drag me down with you, alright? When they come to take you away for 'Grand Theft Private Jet', I don't know you." After a moment he added: "You're gonna vibrate right out of that suit."

"Are we close enough yet?"

Bruce looked down at the navigation console. "Not quite."

"Are you sure?" Peter crossed the place to look at it himself.

"You can't even drive a car and you're trying to backseat drive the plane. Unbelievable."

"Mr. Stark says planes are easier."

"Tony is a damn liar, do not listen to him." Bruce glanced down again. "Alright we're coming up. Friday, can you slow it down a little?"

"Yes, sir," the AI chirped.

Peter crouched next to the door, tapping his suit to bring his mask up.

"You sure about this?" Bruce looked apprehensive. "If you die, I don't think even the green guy could save me."

"I got this," Peter answered confidently. "Karen, double check my 'chute and the glider."

"All systems are functioning perfectly, Peter."

“See?” He said to Bruce. “We got this. Hey wait, before you pop the door. Do you think you could take a video of this and send it to me?”

“You’re kidding.”

“Nah, man, it would be so cool to post on SpiderMan’s instagram.”

“SpiderMan’s what now?”

“Instagram?”

“Is that like a telegram?”

“Telegram is for texting.”

“Sometimes I wonder if you actually are from Asgard, you know that? I understand more of what Thor says than what you come up with.” The console beeped, signaling that they were closing in on New Asgard. “Get ready, kiddo, popping the door in ten.”

“So is that a no, you won’t film it?”

Bruce strapped in his harness. “Five.”

“Aw come on, Bruce, be a pal.”

“Three.”

“I thought we were friends!”

“One,” Bruce ended his countdown moments before the door opened.

Peter leapt out the open door with a happy screech, plummeting through the air. His arms spread wide in a well-practiced freefall. Part of him regretted keeping his mask up because he missed the wind in his face. Those few seconds of complete nothingness when he was flying through the air were his favorite times, second only to sleeping next to Loki in a real bed.

“Deploying glider,” Karen warned him.

He felt the catch of the synthetic material popping out between his arms and his sides. The closest thing he had to compare it to was a flying squirrel. As much as he’d tried to convince Tony to let him have blasters, Tony still maintained that they were his trademark and Peter needed to develop his own tools so that when they broke, he would know how to fix them. And when they worked properly, no one else would be able to engineer them, even Tony himself. It hadn’t stopped Tony from giving him an extremely helpful AI, though, which he refused to see the hypocrisy in.

Peter twisted himself in the air, steering his descent so that he would hit the ground a bit slower. There was still a jolt when his feet planted on the ground in his signature crouch, but he bounced up immediately, turning to pump his fist in the air in the direction of the jet before sprinting towards the familiar silhouettes of the buildings of New Asgard. As soon as his back was to the jet, he retracted his mask to feel the ocean air on his face. He could see Loki standing at the edge of the village waiting for him, but did nothing to slow himself before launching his whole body off the ground and into Loki’s arms. The suit finished coiling into his watch while he was in the air, so when their chests collided Peter could feel the warmth of Loki’s skin through their clothes. To his credit, Loki caught him with the grace of a prince despite the fact that his feet slid backwards in the dirt. Their laughter echoed around the village, drawing the attention of the other Asgardians, all of

whom recognized the boy of spiders that saved their lives.

"I missed you," Peter mumbled into Loki's neck.

Loki chuckled, squeezing him tight. "I couldn't tell."

"Tell me everything that's been happening," Peter let his feet drop to the ground and his hand fall, lacing his fingers with Loki's.

They walked; Loki told Peter everything, from the mundane goings-on of the other Asgardians to the trade agreements they had been working on with other nations. Peter listened, enthralled, and it reminded Loki of the way he himself once enjoyed the political happenings of his people. He wondered if, without Odin, he might learn to love it again. The thought made his chest feel slightly warm.

Peter's phone chimed from the suit and he couldn't help the cheer that erupted from his chest when he saw that it was a video from the jet of his fall through the air.

"Check this out," he nudged Loki's elbow.

"I do wish you would just land the jet," Loki sighed. "We've talked about my feelings about falling."

"It's not falling," Peter grinned. "It's flying."

'Whatever you say, little spider," Loki shook his head, just glad that Peter was with him again.

Peter clicked a few times to post the video on his Instagram without watching it all the way through. He followed Loki into town on light feet and with a wide smile on his face. Looking at the town, it almost wasn't recognizable as the place Peter first arrived at with them, except for the gorgeous view over the cliffs.

Where the cliffs dipped to water level a few miles away, they had already started construction on a dock and were working on negotiating trade deals with other countries, Loki explained to Peter while they walked.

Loki had his own house, had had it for their last several visits. From the outside, it was a small, understated building high up on a hill overlooking the rest of the village. Once inside, though, it held Loki's own small castle. Peter had joked, once, that it was a telephone box, but Loki hadn't understood the reference.

They didn't get long to catch up before Thor was walking through the door of Loki's house. He had a look on his face that almost looked like he'd been laughing. His cell phone rested in his outstretched hand when he turned to Peter.

"Stark is on the phone for you," he said, now obviously laughing.

Peter took it, sighing at the poor timing. He hadn't expected Tony to want to yell at him about the jet so soon.

"First of all," Tony said in his ear. "Instagram? Really? You have an Instagram? Why don't I have an Instagram?"

"I'm pretty sure you do," Peter said before his brain caught up to what Tony was talking about.

"Friday, do I have an Instagram? You know what, never mind, this isn't about me. For once. You wanna tell me about that video you posted?"

"Don't be mad at Bruce, I bullied him into it," Peter said immediately.

"Good to know that my best friend is a traitor and a liar," Tony said in a tone that made him think Bruce was right next to him. "But I was talking about your little happy reunion that now has - What was it again? Ten million views."

"My what?" Peter asked.

"Well you and Prancer looked real happy is all I'm saying." Tony said.

"Oh no," Peter buried his face in his hands, finally catching onto what Tony was mad about.

"You're god damn right 'oh no' - what the fuck were you thinking?" Tony asked.

"I didn't watch it after Bruce sent it. I figured it ended when I hit the ground." Peter answered honestly. "Shit, the suit."

"Your face isn't at all visible." Tony's voice got distant for a few seconds and it sounded like he was talking to someone else. "Well, congratulations, you have a ship name."

"A what?" Peter asked.

"A cutesy couple nickname that has been bestowed upon you by the internet gods." Tony told them. "You wanna know what it is?"

"I don't think-" Peter started to answer.

"Too damn bad," Tony interrupted. "It's SpiderFrost."

Chapter End Notes

It took forever to post this because it didn't really feel like a whole story in its own right, but with the general state of... everything I thought we could all use a little cracky slice of life. I hope reading it brings a few of you as much joy as writing it brought me.

End Notes

Let me know in a comment if you caught where all of Tony's references came from!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

